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Backseat Living



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Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

She knew what I was thinking simply by the way I gripped the steering wheel. It was empowering- that feeling of total control over a vehicle that could take us wherever we wanted to go.

We were running away.

Chapter 2 by SpaceOrgana



It was a cowardly to leave like that and we were most definitely out of our minds, but the feeling of her fingers pressing into my free hand kept my mind from wandering to multiple "what-ifs" and "maybes" that would make me turn back.

I had never felt more free in my life. My heart felt as if it would beat out of my chest at any moment and soar through the dashboard and onto the road ahead. Both of my hands were clammy and starting to feel slick from the adrenaline still pumping through me from our quick escape.

"Don't let go." She said when I tried to pry our hands apart.

"But they're sweat."

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"At least I know you're ex"

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me off with a sly grin.

Chapter 2 by SpaceOrgana



"You're sure?"

"You keep asking that. I keep telling you, he started shouting demeaning things at me again, and I told him it was the last time."

"Poor damn fool."

"And I did bring my passport, like you said."

"Thats ... what I said."

"And nothing else. That's what you said, also."

He nodded, and glanced over. She was grinning at him, and he knew what she was thinking.

"Stop that, you're distracting me and I'm driving."

"Me? I'm not doing anything ... much."

"Right. Sure."

"There's a rest area coming up in a mile," she purred, "and you need a break."

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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